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tical and that these conditions are far from satisfactory and equally far from being conducive to progress in social and economic fields.

It is greatly to be desired that these revelations will not react to crystallize the elements of traditions and conservatism but rather serve to cause an effervescence that shall produce a precipitate of better systems, greater centralization of authority with a definite fixing of authority, and more satisfactory equipment that shall make for better schools and a nearer approach to equality of educational opportunity.—L. A. W.

ONE WAY TO DO IT

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we couldn't do it, but we did and hired another teacher in the bargain. That was a big year we had, too. The teachers was both fine and the young ones liked to go to school and they had picnics and suppers and box parties and such until they had made money to buy a piano and one of the teachers played it every morning. We cleaned out the old stumps in the yard and we dug a well and the boys built a fine sand-clay road for half a mile both ways from the schoolhouse.

"Well, that's just the way we've been acting about that school of ours all along. Two years ago, we built on another room and hired another teacher and she had the boys build her a shack outen one thing and another and we canned more than 300 quarts of fruits and sass. There last year—right at the school—and land knows how much more was done at home. Anyhow we bought Jules Wade outen all his cans five times and he said he guessed he'd quit carrying 'em because he couldn't keep any stock on hand at all. You wouldn't believe how happy this made the women folks. They all feel like they really had done something when they bring out a gallon can of snaps along in January as fine as any you ever put into your mouth in June.

"But the house is too little for us now and last week we voted to sell \$15,000 worth of bonds and build us a six-room building with concrete blocks. We can do it for this because the sand won't cost us a thing, we can get it hauled for nothing, we already own eight acres of land to put it on, three of us are giving all the framing we'll need, and we are all fixin' to help. That's the way we get things done down there you know. We are just as proud of our school as a boy is of his first pair of long pants. We sort of pull along together and try to give our young ones a little better chance than what we had. It won't be much like my little log school house when it's done, but I'll bet the youngsters won't be any prouder of it than I was of mine. I hope they'll learn more than I did. I wonder if they will."

THE RICHEST MAN

MOST AMERICANS, if asked "Who is the richest man?" would doubtless reply by naming the man they think could draw his check for the greatest number of dollars, or whose name would stand for the largest amount of credit. We are accustomed to measure riches in dollars and cents, and to that unhappy fact may be traced much of the roguery and mischief and discontent of the day. But here in a western paper speaks Edward J. Pierce, the village blacksmith of Pierce, Nebraska:

"I am just a common blacksmith, but oh, how rich I go to my labor each morning, work until noon, go to my dinner, return at 1 P. M. and work until 6. I enjoy the greatest of all blessings, good health. Each day sees something accomplished, and every job of work I turn out I feel that I have done my customers a service and that I am worthy of my hire. I have a wife who has stuck to me for twenty-two years, a little home, a beautiful little daughter and a son, grown to maturity and now in life's game for himself. Then, to add to all these riches, I take down my old shotgun in season and ramble through the fields, woods and tangle in search of the elusive cottontail, teal and mallard, with my faithful old pointer at heel, and he is as happy as I when on the hunt. Then, when I get home, oh, how good everything does taste! When night has spread its mantle over this good old universe, I settle down in a good old easy chair, enjoy a smoke and then roll into bed, never to hear a sound till the break of another day.

"Rich? Why, man alive, who could possibly be richer? The height of my ambition is so to live that I may have no regrets for having lived and to have accumulated, when the time comes for me to shuffle off, just enough dollars so that my loved ones shall not be objects of charity."

Here is a good philosophy which has become all too rare. In putting the emphasis on dollars we lost our love of work and our pride in the product of labor. There is a surer worth in health than in wealth, and in all the range of riches there is nothing finer than the content of a day well spent or a task honestly performed to the best of one's ability. If the riches of this "common blacksmith" could cover the land there would be a far happier day.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

The responsibility of teachers does not end with the existing generations. Our ministration in many cases does actually extend to two generations; but in any case we must train one generation for the advantage of the next.—DR. W. L. POTEAT.